



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

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NO. 26.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Tales of the Five Senses.

THE KELP-GATHERER.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic, on the western coasts of Ireland, feels a melancholy interest, excited in his mind, as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeur of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time ejected from the bosom of the ocean and cast upon those lonely crags to startle the early fishermen with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremony than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, uncoffined, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain inquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelopes the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass the deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants, without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet, the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence, without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid burst of the roused up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And again, without turning in thought to the far-away homes, at which the tale of the wan-

derers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fireside, over evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a good portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm, which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of the sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labor of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavoured to procure a subsistence for her boy and herself, by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden, that was confined by a quickset hedge, at their cottage side. They were fondly attached and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favor. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigor of his parent.

In these difficulties, a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune, induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land, pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle, as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to

embrace the opportunity of improvement, which the colonization of the new world held out for their advantage.—Among those who emigrated, was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was, that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region.—Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardian-ship of providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessing of the youth Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness, and that openmouthed folly, which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking.—Young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity, was such, as to enable him to relinquish the pursuits of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With full approbation of the poor widow he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return, he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her, that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand children, and her son would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety, with which the poor widow looked out for the long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighborhood, and to render her independent of the hard, and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honor of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprang up in her salad fringed garden which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew, were transmitted from that emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life up to the moment

when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to Heaven, and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But forgive a mother's fondness! There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion: After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son, announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of Heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went morn after morn, to the cliff head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavored to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, her deck covered with pale and affrighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking-yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start, and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of the fairest and most favorable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbors all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighboring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward bound ship

or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely that the widow thought the morning would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden, she heard voices outside the windows. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognized the voice of a friendly neighbor, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate.—She judged correctly.

'Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?'

'That small boat!—what?—where?'

'Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?'

'I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark'—the widow replied, endeavoring to penetrate the gloom.

'Dark! and the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!'

'Day! The sun! Oh, Almighty Father, save me!'

'What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?'

'See them?' the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes, and shrieking aloud in her agony—'Oh! I shall never see him more!—I am dark and blind!'

The peasant started back and blessed herself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

'Where is she? My mother! Oh my darling mother, I am come back to you. Look, I have kept my word.'

She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

'My good, kind boy,' said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—'you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind.'

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand

above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. 'Blind, my mother!' he repeated—'Oh, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark forever! Is it for this I have prayed and labored? Blind and dark? O my poor mother! Oh, heaven! Oh, mother, mother!'

'Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a christian to talk? Come near to me, and let me touch your hands. Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of heaven. Where are you?—Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me.'

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms. 'Well—well—my poor mother,' he said, 'I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and show no discontent, it would be unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—bitter stroke.' Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom, and wept aloud, while his wife retreating softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. 'Is that my daughter's voice?' she asked—'place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom. The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. 'Young and fair, I am sure,' the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. 'I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these? Tears? My good child, you should dry our tears instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah, my heart!—let me feel them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels.—O! if I could open my eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of heaven be done! perhaps even this moment when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing.'

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears of mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of the distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighborhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

'It is not over with me yet, sir,' she concluded, 'for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again.'

The surgeon discovered, on examination, that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light.—The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science, render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence.

'Then,' replied her visitor, 'I may inform you, that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment at my house and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected.'

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after, the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over

her eyes, until the wounds which he had found necessary to inflict, were perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow—

'I think we may now with safety venture to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness.'

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed, was the figure of a young man, bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched, as if to anticipate the recognition.—'The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness, and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and the children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of raptures which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy color of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced, had she not considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

'Richard,' said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder, and looked into his eyes, 'did I not judge aright when I said that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?'

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed his head in silence.

THE SIXPENNY GLASS OF WINE.

Great crimes generally spring from small beginnings, as well as great trees and great cities. The heart grows hard and wicked by degrees, and probably the worst man that ever lived can recollect the time when he shuddered

and hesitated at the idea of committing a small offence. Truth should be often impressed on the young—say to them, 'avoid the appearance of evil,' for every time you deliberately do a wrong thing, you pour a dose of poison into the heart, which will tend to destroy conscience, and break down the principles of virtue you ought to cherish.

The traveller who put up at the old sign of General Wayne, in Alesbury, some 15 or 18 years ago, I promise you, did not leave the house without shaking hands with, and praising somewhat, Montgomery Rosco, the innkeeper's son, a fine little boy as ever blessed a parent with the full blossoming of early promises. He was so obedient to his parents, to attentive and respectful to strangers, so kind and invariably polite to every one, and with all, he learned so smart at school, that every one loved and admired him.

Few youths ever left home with fairer and with better character than did Montgomery, when at the age of fifteen, he was sent to Philadelphia and put under the care of a business doing merchant, that he might, get such an insight into the business, as would justify his father in setting him up in a store in Alesbury, for this was the destiny he had marked out for his favorite child. His history is directly in point in establishing what I said at the commencement; and though few may have passed through as singular a complication of circumstances in their way, I am fully satisfied that this, in all its main and general features, is the history of thousands.

I said he was apprenticed to a merchant. It was Mr. Markley; his master esteemed him highly, and placed in him unlimited confidence. For a little while he remembered the kind admonitions of his faithful father of selecting good company; was strict in the discharge of every duty, and tried, as well as he was able, to avoid the appearance of evil. One day, however, he went to a neighboring store a moment to see a young gentleman and return a borrowed book. His friend, very politely, drew a glass of wine from one of the casks, and pressed him to drink—he did so, and departed.

The next day the same person stopped to see him—he happened to be alone; and the strong desire not to be behindhand with his new neighbor, overcame his scruples of conscience; and he treated him in turn to a glass of wine. In the hurry of the moment, he did not stop the liquor properly.—His master came in, saw the neglect, and inquired—'Montgomery, have you been at the wine cask?' It was an awful moment to him, he dare not pause to think—he yielded to another temptation and answered tremblingly 'no sir, I have not.' The old gentleman looked at him most searchingly—then turned and stopped the liquor tight himself.

The next morning the same young gentleman stepped into the store and asked Mr. M. to

sell him a cask of such as Montgomery had given him the evening before. Mr. M. looked at Montgomery again, as if to say, tell the truth next time. The exposure was too humiliating for the high spirited youth to bear. He saw his friend and entreated him to tell Mr. M. that he drew the wine himself. His friend laughed and told him he would for an oyster supper.

The bargain struck; he acquitted Montgomery in Mr. Markley's eyes; but the poor boy was destitute of money. He had already taken some long steps aside. He took another, and resorted to his master's drawer for money to meet the expense of the supper he had promised.

While they sat in the cellar, to which they had repaired, a gaming board was produced; and he asked to play for a small sum of money. The thought struck him that there was chance to win the money he had taken from his master, and return it.—He played and lost. He played again, and again, still he lost.

His error was now of an alarming character. He became desperate—He took the further sums from the counter, which were necessary to pay what he had borrowed, and lost. It was missed—he saw himself liable to be discovered and ruined, and resolved at a single effort to retrieve his character, by procuring the sum deficient, and depositing it somewhere that it might seem to have been overlooked.

He arose at night—entered the store, took two hundred dollars and went to a gambling house, where he was confident he could win the money. He lost every cent. The morning came; Mr. M. happened not to examine the drawer which had contained the money himself, and at ten o'clock told Montgomery to carry it to the old bank. Mr. Markley had a large deposit in another bank, and the infatuated youth drew a check for \$200 signed his master's name to it, presented it—and was detected. He confessed the whole affair when it was too late: he had intended to deposit the money he thus attempted to draw in lieu of the money lost, and depended on chance to conceal the crime yet a little longer.

Poor fellow, I saw him once afterwards, and with a tear in his eye, and grasping my hand, he said: 'I am going to the state prison, for a *six penny glass of wine*,' alluding to the first error he had committed, and which had led to all the rest.

THE TRAVELLER.

SPEED OF THE REINDEER.

In the winter of 1798, there came to Reval, in Russia, some Samoyedes, a people from the banks of the Icy Ocean in Asiatic Russia, with a herd of one hundred and twenty rein deer, which they sold partly in the town and partly at the gentlemen's mansions in the country. They were muffled from head to foot in furs. Three times a day they drove their beasts out of the town to a spacious plain; not far from

Catharinenthal, a country seat built by Peter I. where they scratched away the snow to get at the snow, their sole and scanty fare. A considerable number of persons assembled there daily to see the strange animals. Baron S. had a capital race horse, which had cost him a thousand rubles, and which he thought capable of beating a rein deer; he offered the match to a Samoyede, proposing to stake his horse against a rein deer. The Samoyede accepted the challenge. By order of the Baron, a numerous party of peasants were set to work to sweep away the snow for the distance of a werst (1,500 paces) on the Gulf of Finland, near Catharinenthal, and the sledge race took place on the ice, in the presence of thousands of spectators. The Baron's groom was seated in one sledge, and the Samoyede in the other. At first the horse was ahead, but the Samoyede purposely drove with less activity till his antagonist became somewhat tired; he then darted forward all at once, like an arrow, passed the horse, and arrived at the post long before him. According to the agreement he had won the horse, but was content with one hundred rubles, with which the Baron offered to redeem him.—*Family Magazine.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIGNS.

The following lines, says an English paper, are written upon a public house, in a village of Westmoreland:

John Stanley lives here, and sells good ale;
Walk in to get some before it grows stale.
John succeeded his father Peter;
But in the old man's time the ale was never better.

Near Sackett's Harbor, some years ago, a shantee was kept by a jolly yankee, with the following inscription upon its walls, which we think beats the English:

Cakes and beer
For sale here—
Cider and cheese,
If you please—
Walk in I swear,
And take a chair!

In Albany, we recollect an old sign, erected by one of the earliest interlopers from New-England, which read as follows:

I put this board up here.
To tell you that I sell good beer.

In process of time, Jonathan, finding his earthly store increasing, extended his business. An additional piece of board was nailed to the old sign, with the following additional couplet

And I have made it somewhat wider,
To tell you that I keep good cider.

But the following is more laughable than either. A shoemaker, going to a new place, took a shop, and put up a new sign, on which to display his learning, he had painted after his name and occupation—

'Mens consasai recti.'

In English—'A mind conscious of rectitude.' He being a good workman and industrious withal, soon obtained nearly all the best custom in the village. A brother strap, whose work since the new shoemaker had come to town had fallen off, conceived that the sybilline words on his neighbor's sign were the cause. He therefore had him a new sign, and not to be outdone by his neighbor, made the painter inscribe, after his name—

'Mens and womens consasai recti.'

EARL FITZ WILLIAM.

The following story is so pretty in itself, and so creditable to both parties, that we cannot refuse it a place in our columns. A Farmer called on Earl Fitz William, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his Lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt—and he estimated the damage his crops had suffered at 50*l.* The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his Lordship: 'I am come, my Lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining the wood.'—'Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?' 'Yes, my Lord, I have found that I have sustained no loss at all, and I have therefore, brought the 50*l.* back again.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the venerable Earl, 'this is what I like—this is as it should be between man and man.' He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family, how many children he had, &c. His Lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for 100*l.* 'Take care of this: and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it.'—*English paper.*

A Handsome Disclaimer.—A lady tripping down our streets the other day most gracefully, and balancing her neck *a la mode*, found to her inexpressible confusion that all her hair was dropping from her head. Turning round she saw two or three false curls, a bundle of puffs, &c. prostrate in the mud. 'Law me!' she cried out to a gentleman in the rear, blushing up to the eyes, 'what's that? My conscience if 'tisn't false hair. I declare, only think what ridiculous fashions folks are getting into'—and off she whirled, leaving her poor deserted locks to wallow in the mire.

God sees me.—Persons inclined to the sin of stealing, are satisfied if they can only be certain they shall not be discovered. I once heard it related, that a man who was in the habit of going to a neighbor's cornfield to steal the ears, one day took with him his son, a boy of eight years of age. The father told him to

hold the bag, while he looked if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence, and peeping through all the corn rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his guilty work.—'Father,' said the boy, 'you forgot to look somewhere else.' The man dropt the bag in affright and said, 'Which way, child?' supposing he had seen some one. 'You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you.'—The father felt this reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn, returned home, and never again ventured to steal; remembering the truth his child had taught him, that the eye of God always beholds us. 'God sees me,' is a thought that would keep us from evil acts, if we tried constantly to feel its truth.—*Liberator.*

A Stop Watch.—'What time of day is it, Sambo?'

'Wy, I don't know, massa, wat time he be.'

'Don't know! why, you have got a watch in your pocket, and can look.'

'Yes, massa—but recollect he's a stop-watch.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1831.

The end of Volume Seven.—The present number closes the seventh volume of the Repository. With gratitude we acknowledge the aid we have received, from strangers as well as friends, in extending the circulation of our little paper; and would express a hope, now that we are about commencing a new volume, that those who have lent us a helping hand, thus far on our way, will still continue their friendly exertions in our behalf, each endeavouring to obtain as many subscribers as possible for the next volume. We repeat what we stated in our last, that papers will not be continued after this number until again ordered; agents are therefore respectfully requested, when they forward the names of new subscribers, to advise us of such of our old ones, as would wish to journey with us another year. We are also again under the necessity of just hinting to the few of our agents who have not as yet attended to our former call, that it is time all arrearages were paid.

Frontispiece for the next Volume.—The view of this City and surrounding Scenery, intended as a frontispiece for volume eight, is received and will accompany the first number.

VOLUME EIGHT

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY, Or Bower of Literature;

Embellished Quarterly, with a Fine Engraving.

Devoted exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, History, Notices of New Publications, Summary of News, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

On commencing a new volume the publisher pledges himself to his patrons that his unremitting endeavours shall be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the seven years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour

upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the prizes offered below, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Talisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to Eighty Cents per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of Sturm's Reflections for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 15th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 135, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

March 26, 1831.

SUMMARY.

Croly's thrilling story of the Demon Ship has been dramatized for the New-York Bowery Theatre. Some of the horrid scenes in which Gibbs, the Pirate, was an actor, have been introduced into the piece.

Extraordinary Performance.—A dealer in charcoal the other day sold us four bushels, and put the whole in an ordinary sized flour barrel, without any apparent exertion.—*Catskill Recorder.*

Strawberries of the present year's growth have been gathered in the neighborhood of Norfolk.

Charcoal.—The common council of Troy have passed a law, prohibiting any person from vending and selling Charcoal in that city, unless it be sold by measurement in wooden tubs or measures, to contain one or two bushels of Charcoal, and to be approved and conspicuously marked by the sealer of measures.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Oscar Dorwin, to Miss Mary Allen Coffin.

On Thursday, the 28th ult. Mr. Richard Gage, Jr. to Miss Emily Ford, both of this city.

At Claverack, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Henry H. Brown, merchant of Canaan, to Miss Dorothy Whitbeck of the former place.

At Hillsdale, on Wednesday the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Harry Truesdell, Mr. Elnathan N. Dimmick, to Miss Jerusha Maria Rued, all of Hillsdale.

At Ghent, on Sunday last, by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Smith M. Beebe, to Miss Lydia Ann Reynolds.

At the same place, by the same, Mr. Stephen V. Cady, to Miss Lydia Reynolds, all of Millville.

DIED.

In this city, on the 13th inst. Miss Anne Rand, aged 18 years.

On Monday the 9th inst. Martha, daughter of Mr. Harman Stoddard, aged 5 years.

On Wednesday the 11th inst. Mr. Richard Bently, formerly of London, Eng. in the 36th year of his age.

On Wednesday the 17th inst. Mrs. Dinah Bunker, widow of the late Mr. Prince Bunker, aged 53 years.

On Sunday the 18th inst. Mr. Henry B. Clark, son of Mr. Joseph Clark, in the 36th year of his age.

At Mount Eagle, Virginia, Bushrod Washington, Esq. in the 47th year of his age.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A LADY.

There is a star burns high and clear,
When night assumes her diadem;
And smiles through floods of liquid blue,
Bright as a monarch's brightest gem.

This is the star of Beauty, Love,
I gaze at it and think of thee;
As scattering wide its rays, like Hope,
It lights up yon untroubled sea.

May all thy years be calm and sweet,
As are that star's first evening beams:
Thy bark glide with its moonlight sail,
Over Time's purest, holiest stream.

Then when the eve of death draws near,
Like you bright orb, thou shalt arise:
In Heaven find a peaceful home,
And shine amid the glowing skies.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

MY MOTHER'S SIGH.

I've felt it oft in childhood's hour—
The magic of a mother's sigh.
I've yielded to its gentle power,
With heart subdued and drooping eye.

When full of glee, a wayward child,
I've stolen from my task away,
That sound amid the frolic wild
Would rise and check my careless play.

I've read with rapt and earnest look
O'er pages filled with wild romance,—
My mother sighed!—I closed the book
And broke at once the idle trance.

If passion flushed my youthful cheek,
And pride and gloom were on my brow,
When other's frowns were vain and weak,
Her sigh could bid my spirit bow.

If, checked in Folly's radiant dream,
I've turned away with laughing eyes,—
My mother's sigh that smile could dim,
And tears, repentant tears, would rise—

My dream has fled—and wearying care
Has silenced Folly's childish strain,
The thoughtless mirth that revelled there
May never, never come again!

But still I feel that holy power,
It thrills my heart and fills my eye
With tears, as when, in 'childhood's hour,'
I yielded to *my mother's sigh*.

MUSIC FROM SHORE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A sound comes on the rising breeze,
A sweet and lovely sound!
Piercing the tumult of the seas,
That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it comes,
From hills with murmuring trees,
From paths by still and happy homes—
That sweet sound on the breeze!

Why should its faint and passing sigh
Thus bid my quick pulse leap?
—No part in earth's glad melody
Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot
Whence those rich breathings flow!
Kind hearts although they know me not,
Like mine must beat and glow.

And blessings, from the bark that roams
O'er solitary seas,
To those that far in happy homes
Give sweet sounds to the breeze?

From the Providence Patriot.

PRINTING OFFICE MELODIES.

THE PRESSMAN.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,
And let the work begin;

The world is pressing on without,
And we must *press* within—
And we who guide the public mind,
Have influence far and wide,
And all our deeds are good, although
The *Devil's* at our side.

Let fly the *frisket* now my boys!
Who are more proud than we—
While wait the anxious crowd without,
The force of *power* to see;

So pull away—none are so great,
As they who run the *car*;
And who have dignity like those
That practice at the *bar*;

And you who twirl the *roller* there,
Be quick, you inky man;
Old Time is *rolling* on himself,
So beat him if you can;
Be careful of the *light* and *shade*,
Nor let the sheet grow pale;
Be careful of the *monkey* looks
Of every *head* and *tail*.

Though *high* in *office* is your *stand*,
And *pi-ous* is our *case*,
We would not cast a *stir* on those,
Who fill our lower place;
The gaping world is fed by us,
Who retail knowledge here;
By feeding that we *feed* ourselves,
Nor deem our fare too dear.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,
And thus the *chase* we'll join;
We have deposits in the *bank*,
Our draws are full of *coin*;
And who should more genteely cut
A *figure* or a *dash*?
Yet sometimes we who *press* so much,
Ourselves are *pressed* for cash.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Chart.

PUZZLE II.—Because it's between two eyes.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Of what word of one syllable, can the following words
be composed:—Hare, ach, ale, are, lace, care, chase,
rase, sale, ash, case, seal, ace, hares?

II.
'Tis neither fish, flesh, nor bone, yet has four fingers
and a thumb.

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All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive
attention.

